

The Best of Luck

The Latest, Greatest Story
By Arthur Somers Roche.

Author of
"In The Dark"
"The Gray Hair"
Etc.



"And who is she?" demanded Mr. Magee, crouching in the shadow as the big car with a fascinatingly beautiful young woman at the wheel rolled by.
"The girl you're going to marry!" was the strange reply.

CHAPTER I.—The Mysterious Envelope.

MR. GERALD MAGEE awoke, conscious of a burning sensation on the soles of his feet and the gibbings of an urchin of tender years, but hard heart. He curled his feet beneath him, away from the policeman's club that assailed him.

"I am a distant relative of the Mayor," he announced with what dignity he might, "and I'll have him rip the buttons off your uniform!" The urchin, who delighted in the torture applied to the sleeping tramp, was sophisticated. He knew what "ripping the buttons off" meant. His gibbings were directed toward the policeman. The officer's grin of enjoyment became a grin of wrath at this double assailing of his dignity. He swung the club swiftly. He advanced upon the tramp whom he had roused from sleep in the alley.

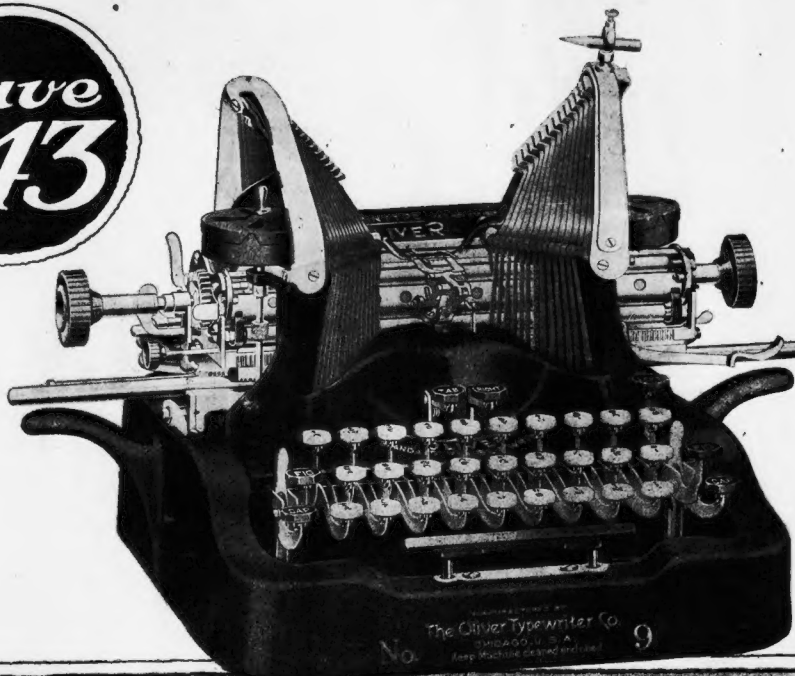
"G'wan, ye vax!" he roared. "Mayor is it? Rip the buttons off me, is it? Begorra, I'll run ye in and it'll be thirty days on the rock pile, you unwashed loafer! G'wan!"

The point of the club found an interstice in the ribs of Mr. Magee. Incontinently the tramp turned and ran. The officer permitted him.

(Continued on Page 8)

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What Does Mrs. Russell's Husband Really Think?



Mrs. Russell's Dance at the Huntington, L. I., Charity Fete.

Mrs. Olive Russell, Wealthy and of Splendid Social Position, Explains Why She Just Has to "Express Herself" This Way

FASHIONABLE New York society gathered recently at the open-air fete at Huntington, Long Island, in behalf of the Free Milk for France Fund. The music of the Russian orchestra was listened to with languid attention and the whirling gyrations of the professional dancers of the Russian ballet were watched with some interest.

And then came a number on the programme which made the fashionable sit up straight in their seats and throw their keenest gaze upon one of the dancers—Mrs. Olive Russell, of Cleveland. Unlike the others on the programme, Mrs. Russell was not a professional—she was not dancing for pay, she had a husband and babies in her home of wealth and refinement, and she was herself a woman of excellent social standing.

Then why does Mrs. Russell exhibit her graceful charms in public and without compensation? She just has to "express herself."

And how does Mrs. Russell enjoy having his wife "express herself" so charmingly for others? Well, read what Mrs. Russell has to say about it all.

WAS H. Carlyle who said, "No man will ever know what his wife really thinks of him?" Does Mrs. Joseph Russell, fashionable, wealthy and the mother of two children, really know what Mr. Joseph Russell really thinks about her delightful dances?

"My impulse to dance controls my very life. I simply must express myself—must express my God-given individuality in dancing," she declares.

Mrs. Russell realizes that many a man is so selfish that he would insist on his wife expressing herself for his own private eyes when she feels the impulse coming on her. But her own husband takes a more liberal view, she thinks—at least, whether he likes it or not, he has to stand it.

Very frankly Mrs. Russell says: "I think that the husband of today realizes that he must let his wife express herself in her own way, or else he will not be able to hold her."

"The modern husband," the charming dancer continued, "no matter how violent his case instincts may be, simply must bury them under the veneer of civilization and acquiesce in his wife's desires, when the wife feels that she is a distinct personality."

"Take Mr. Russell, for example. In the beginning, when I took part in amateur theatricals and first did solo dances he attended all my performances. Nowadays he refuses to do so, but he does not refuse to let me take part. He is interested and pleasant enough, but sometimes I think that the cave instincts are about ready to break through." He restrains himself, however, because she wisely realizes that she must express herself, my God-given individuality.

Mrs. Russell, who is well known to society in New York and on Long Island, is well qualified to discuss the wife as an individual and her modern instincts. Her dances given at the beautiful Arabian Fete in the outdoor theatre on the Long Island estate of the Holland-Cliffings, were the sensation of the day. She danced with all the finish and artistic feeling of a professional, and yet she is one of the leaders of Cleveland society, a graduate of Vassar College and the mother of two sons, aged eight and nine.

Such interpretative work can be done only by one who has devoted years to study and practice, and usually by one who has sacrificed all home ties and social pleasures, but the lady from Cleveland is authority for the statement that she has successfully accomplished the seemingly impossible.

"My home in Cleveland," she asserts, "is as well managed and my children are as well trained as though I devoted all my time to them. In fact, I think that my dancing helps me to be a better wife and mother."

Mrs. Russell is a student of Kossloff, the Russian maestro, who has trained more Russian dancers than any one must. To reach her present high place, she passed through several schools of dancing, parlor, French ballet and Greek being the outstanding ones. These she feels that she has outgrown, or at least wearied of. There is a graceful and yet fearful abandon to her interpretations that leaves her audiences breathless and filled with amazement. It is difficult, indeed, to imagine this vibrant, whirling, child-dressed figure, presiding over a family tea table or bending maternal over a baby's crib. It is even more difficult to imagine her tossing her husband's slippers before the open fire and

placing his smoking jacket in readiness for him.

The answer to this last is that Mr. Russell is not the sort of husband who expects such attentions from a wife. His valet looks after his clothes and things.

"But," Mrs. Russell is honest enough to add, "he might like it if I did such things, but I never have thought of doing them."

Since the beginning of time dancing has been a means of expression. Originating in religious fervor, it has progressed through the ages in varying forms, developing from the simplicity of the Greek classic art to the sensuous rhythms of the Oriental. Salome danced John the Baptist's head into a silver salver, but even her seductive dance was religious in its basic motif.

Mrs. Russell has passed through all these interesting stages of her art, and her discussions of them are frank and illuminating. She feels that each new phase is a growth. And also she has some wise opinions as to the public and what it most wants in a dancer. But of this later.

"The Greeks undoubtedly subordinated the body to the soul," explains Mrs. Russell. "Their dances were intellectual and their interpretations left their spectators intellectually stimulated and in a state of soul exaltation, but the modern audience of highly educated, cultured people does not thrill to the gentle simplicities of the Greeks. It demands more."

"In college and when my babies were small I devoted myself entirely to soul dancing," says Mrs. Russell. "My interpretations were calm, and told their story in an elegance and dignity of motion. When I danced I felt no ecstasy of feeling, but a calm pleasure in the picture I presented. In fact, I imagine that I felt rather like a cold Greek marble come to life. I was always conscious of restraint and resented the slow grace necessary to tell my story."

"It was during my Grecian period that I bent over my children's cribs and tucked them in at night, and I remember that in my struggles to express my growing individuality I gradually changed my whole method of dancing, and in so doing called down much criticism on my poor head from my family and friends."

"But it was all because they did not understand," she explained. "If any one should have been outraged it was my husband, but he upheld me in every way. You see, I simply had to drop what I call my 'soul' dances in order to develop a body."

Three years ago I realized that to express myself I must go in for the Oriental or body dances, and there are people in Cleveland who believe that such dances are wicked and vicious. I am sure that many of these people expected me to leave my home and husband, or that my husband would forbid my taking up this new work.

But Mr. Russell is thoroughly modern, at least on the surface, and after some many long talks in which I explained how I felt, why, he accepted the situation. My impulse to dance controls my very life, and it simply could not be thwarted."

From watching Mrs. Russell as she practices her intricate Oriental or body interpretations it is easy to understand the demand for her convictions as to her need for expressing what she calls her God-given individuality. She is fire and flame and a Orientalist to dance controls my very life. But Mrs. Russell is emphatic in her statement that she is never conscious of her physical self at all. It is art, to her the very highest form of art, and affects her no more than if she were painting a picture, carving a statue or writing a book.



As Mrs. Russell Likes to "Express Herself."—Photos by Maurice Goldberg.



Another Dance Pose of Mrs. Russell.

And the instant her dance is ended she slips into her tailor-made gown and her wife joyfully returns to her children and friends, content with life and all it holds for her. Most certainly she does not feel so contented if her desires to lead her own life were thwarted by even the kindest of husbands. It is evident that being a modern husband, Mr. Russell has decided to remanufacture himself in order to satisfy his wife rather than make her over to satisfy himself.

This very modern wife deeply appreciates her husband's head and mind on her choice of a career, and makes kindly comment on it.

my choice of a career. Mr. Russell has had to fight the heritage of a thousand ages. "But he has come through nobly," smiles Mrs. Russell. "He has passed through as many phases of feeling as I have of dancing. When I outgrew the precise well-bred music of Beethoven and Gluck and reached out for the seductive Orientalism of Debussy and Strauss, Mr. Russell had to crack the shell of his ancient prejudices, or else he would have—well, frankly, he would have lost me."

Which perhaps does not mean exactly what it says, for Mrs. Russell is at heart a loving wife and devoted mother. But it does mean that her husband would have lost something very real if he had assumed a stern husbandly air and said: "You must never seek those new gods—your duties lie here at home." He might thus have kept her physically, but he would have lost her spiritually. As it is, by taking an interest in her progressive interpretations Mr. Russell keeps his talented wife's love and friendship.

"I don't know how he will feel about Salome, however. You see, next Spring after I have studied six more months with Kossloff, I shall do Oscar Wilde's Salome in Cleveland. It may be that Mr. Russell will object, but really Salome need not be

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and inspiration as does Mrs. Russell. Even her conversation has a rhythmic quality: one senses the cadences in her voice just as one is thrilled by the rhythmic swayings of her supple body. It does seem as though her children should be grateful dancing bits of humanity. But she says they are not. They are just happy-go-lucky boys, who play baseball, ride bicycles and hate dancing schools and listening to music.

"When I dance for them they think it is 'gymnastics' she laughingly said. "But I notice that they did not smile when I was practicing 'Shakuntala' last Winter. They never saw me do it in costume, but they plainly did not like it. The eternal masculine creeping out, I suppose."

"Shakuntala," one of the most Oriental of ballets, was given at the Metropolitan Opera last Winter at the same time that Mrs. Russell danced it in Cleveland. Following her phenomenal success in her interpretation of this dance, Kossloff persuaded Mrs. Russell to come to New York this Winter for sustained serious work in body dancing.

Naturally it is impossible not to think of the stage in connection with her, for her work places her far beyond the amateur circle. When this question comes up the lady looks thoughtful, for she has only appeared in private theatricals and charity fetes. And it is here that her husband looks grimly in the foreground.

"I should like to dance professionally," she fairly whispers, "but there is my husband to be considered. I know he would hate to have me make money by my art. To his mind it would place me on an entirely different plane, so I have not forced the issue—yet." Here she paused a reflective moment.

"But I fear it is bound to come, for when one has advanced as far as I have there is nothing left but the professional, and I learn nothing more from those about me, and I need the stimulation that comes from competition. I am a perfect child when it comes to the professional, and I simply will never be satisfied until I know as much as they."

Here is the modern woman, the woman who is not satisfied with moderate achievement, whose restless spirit is ever eager to seek new adventures, who, disdainful of the narrow circles of home life, strives to attain the "larger life" that feminists rave about. Having performed her husband two sons, Mrs. Russell feels that she has earned the right to side her own future. But she has made no decision as yet, and may decide to "express herself" in the mature class.

While the public has been studying Mrs. Russell, she has been studying her public, and has something to say about it.

"We Americans are a hypocritical people. As a nation we play up the Puritan strain, and pretend to be shocked at Thais, at Salome and at any open expression of the sensual in art. But as a paying public we demand the sensuous dances of the Orient or the flagrant exhibitions of dances of Russia. Take a large audience composed of educated, well-to-do people, who have traveled and seen the Orient generally, and they are cold and unresponsive to Greek and kindred dances. You simply have to give them the dances of the Orient or the so-called native dances that are incredibly sensuous to get any response worth mentioning."

What does Mrs. Russell think about all this?

"An effort was made to get Mr. Russell to answer this question—to discuss his wife's instinctive impulse to 'express herself.' But he insisted on silence; not words."

Why The Woman With The Most Babies Lives Longest

Science Reveals Its
Discovery That
Nature Compensates
the Mother
with Better
Health and
Longer Years
the More
Completely
She Performs
Her Duty

FOR as long as the memory of man-kind runs the greatest, the most reverent homage has been paid to motherhood. Religion, art—all the emotional forces of humanity have recognized its true beauty and its wonder. The mother is the bridge between nothingness and life. She is the true miracle-worker without whom there could be no life. She is the great barrier between the race and eternal death. And often she goes down to the very gates of death to bring back a new life for earth; too often passes through them, never to return.

Through the ages the law has built up a special code to protect her.

Now science declares that nature itself is not so blind as some have thought; that it compensates the mother for her sufferings, her danger, by giving her a longer span of days, longer youth, better health. All things being equal, the woman who bears the most children lives the longest.

Dr. Casper L. Redfield, of Chicago, Ill., one of the most brilliant medical men in America, reveals how this comes about in a remarkable article published in a recent number of the Medical Times.

He writes:

"Each woman is the daughter of a woman who produced children. Both of her parents came from mothers who produced children. And all four of her grandparents, came from mothers who produced children. In fact, no matter how far we may go back, no person ever had a female ancestor who failed to produce children. Consequently, any woman who goes through life without producing children leads an unnatural life—a kind of life never led by any female ancestor.

"The majority of us are children of parents who produced fairly large families. Our parents were the offspring of parents who produced large families. And our grandparents were members of large families. While this is not literally true for every family in every pedigree, still it is true to such an extent that when we extend pedigrees back four or five generations every one of us came from families averaging six or more individuals for the entire lot. Consequently, when any person goes through life without producing and bearing more than four children, that person is leading a life which is more or less abnormal, and that it is unlike those led by all of his ancestors in all of the ages of the past.

"It is frequently said that women are worn out, overworked, exhausted, etc., by producing many children. The statement is not true in the sense in which it is made. The very women who make that claim are themselves descendants of long lines of female ancestors who produce large families and the production of large families is their normal, natural and most healthful state. And what is more, statistics in investigation into this matter shows that the women who produce the greatest number of children before they are forty are the ones who live the greatest number of years after forty-five, and the women who produce the least number of live the least number of years after it.

"In other words, the continuous and regular production of children during the child bearing age tends to prolong life after that age is past.

"The current explanation of why women who have many children live longer than



The Interesting Family of the Resolute and Admirable Mary Ole Hansen, of Seattle, Who Put Down the Bolshevik Uprising in That City. Mother of Nine Children, Mrs. Hansen Appears Little Older Than Her Oldest Daughter.

those who have few is that longevity is some kind of spontaneous generation which arises out of nothing in some mysterious manner, and is correlated with fecundity which has no origin at all. Also, that longevity is inherited, but fecundity is not, because it is characteristic of only a small part of the daughters of fecund women. That there is no correlation between fecundity and longevity is made evident by comparing rabbits with elephants, or by comparing any animals which differ much in fecundity or longevity. Before a person can deny the validity of such comparisons for this purpose he must kill off the evolution theory and return to the Garden of Eden story.

"The real reason why women who have many children live longer than those who have few or none, is that the regular and continuous performance of a natural function builds up the powers which maintain life, while a failure to exercise such function permits those powers to decline. To understand this it is necessary to go off of the beaten track and consider what life is, and some of the things which we know or can prove will lengthen or shorten it.

"When a person exerts himself by physical efforts he does certain foot-pounds of work, and foot-pounds of work is something well known in physical science. It is probably called 'energy,' but is referred to as 'power' when we wish to

indicate energy as being expended, or capable of being expended. This energy which is expended by efforts comes out of the body of the person who exerts himself, and as we cannot get something out of nothing the energy must be stored in the body of the person before he can do foot-pounds of work. If the efforts which a person makes are moderate, within the ordinary meaning of that term, then the foot-pounds of energy withdrawn by exertions are soon replaced by other foot-pounds of energy derived from food.

"That it is known that a man by great efforts long continued may cause his own death as a result of nothing else than his own exertions. This means that death is caused by withdrawing from the system more than a certain amount of energy, and that in turn means that life itself is a form of energy. We identify electricity as being a form of energy, even though we do not know precisely what this form is. In the same way we can identify life as being a form of energy, even though we are unable to determine the essential nature of this form as distinguished from other forms.

"The next thing to consider is how the quantity of energy within the system may be increased so that there will be a larger

margin of safety between the normal condition and that point at which death occurs.

"It is well known that a man builds up his physical strength by physical exercise. In other words, the very process by which a man withdraws energy from his system is the process by which he builds up his supply of energy to something greater than it was before. But it is ordinarily believed, and frequently stated, that under any such process there soon comes a time at which no further exercise will develop the powers further. That this is an error may be shown by turning our attention to cases in which experiments have been carried further than with man, and ones in which the records have a scientific accuracy not found in the training of athletes.

"For convenience we will begin with the trotter, taking first the case of the old-time champion, Flora Temple.

"Flora Temple was trained and raced every year from the age of seven to the age of fourteen, and she continued to gain in trotting power as she grew older.

"By exercising the powers she had Flora Temple acquired powers she did not have before, and powers which never existed in any ancestor. By her own efforts she acquired powers beyond her inheritance because no previous horse was capable of trotting so fast as she trotted, and she could not inherit from ancestors a power which the ancestors did not have. As an eleven-year-old she trotted faster than any previous horse had trotted, and as a fourteen-year-old she broke the world's record four times in succession. Whenever a horse becomes a champion trotter, it is a fact that he does become a champion of itself positive evidence that he has greater trotting power than he inherited—greater power than existed in any ancestor. He must acquire by his own efforts that which he did not have, and that which never before existed.

"Kittie Smith lost both arms at the age of ten, and then trained her legs. On June

The Artist, the Philosopher, the Clergy Have All Recognized Instinctively the Glory of Motherhood, but Not Until Now Has Science Been Able Also to Add the Interesting Fact That Nature Itself Appreciates Values and Rewards the Mother.

This Famous Painting of Motherhood by Sir John Lavery Typifies Art's Recognition of Her Wonder and Beauty.

17, 1905, using her toes, she wrote a letter to Eugene Davenport, of Urbana, Ill., and signed it before a notary. She also trained her toes so that she could use them to thread a needle and do sewing, make drawings, etc. By exercising the powers she had, Kittie acquired powers in her toes beyond anything she inherited, and beyond anything which ever existed in any ancestor.

"The facts relative to the development of powers by exercising them would fill a large book, but the examples given will serve our purpose. When the powers developed by exercise exceed any possible inheritance there can be no doubt about the thing being an acquirement in the strictest meaning of that term. Having made this point clear, we can return to our women with large families.

"When a woman produces a child she exercises certain bodily organs which are not exercised by women who produce no children. Exercising those organs builds up power in them, as evidenced by the fact that a woman who has had several children accomplishes the feat of producing others with comparative ease. Building up power is simply another way of saying that the energy within the system is increased, and increasing the energy is providing a greater margin of safety so that death is pushed into a more remote future.

"And a woman who produces many children is kept busy caring for them. She has to be active, both physically and mentally, a good many hours each day, year after year for many years. While this activity approaches, it does not usually reach the limit of her capabilities, and hence it is the kind of activity which results in developing the greatest store of energy by the system.

"The reason why women who have many children live longer than other women is because they acquire extra length of life by their own exertions—they build an addition onto their inheritance. And that they build onto their inheritance by heredity to the children produces the later ones lived longer than the earlier ones. Put into figures, I found that as long as parents lived longer than their health, each year added one year to the life of the children.

"For example, if children are born when the parents are twenty-four live to the average age of sixty, then other children born to the same parents when at the age of forty-four should live to an average age of sixty-five. The actual table is as follows:

"IMPORTANCE OF LIFE AT AGE OF 25 FOR COMPLETE FAMILIES

Age of Father at Birth of First Child	Number of Children	Average Age of Parents at Death
Under 25	83	62.63 years
25 to 29	238	65.20 "
30 to 34	566	66.25 "
35 to 39	199	65.41 "
40 to 44	88	65.32 "
45 to 49	88	66.28 "
50 and over	71	70.25 "

Totals 1,105 65.89 years

Regarding the development of energy by children, Dr. Redfield went on thus:

"We know that a store of energy within the system is necessary to continued life, and we know from a variety of facts in both animals and plants that the store of energy within the system is augmented by the exertion of that which it stores up. And, furthermore, we know that the powers of organs are not developed in any other way than by exercising those which previously exist."

Why'd Rather Shovel Coal ^{than} be A Caruso

Simple-Minded Tony with a Million-Dollar-a-Year-Voice,
Brother of Rosa Ponselle,
the Grand Opera Soprano,
Explains Why He Refuses
to Join the Metropolitan
Opera House
Stars



Tony's Famous Young Sister Rosa, Who Is One of the Metropolitan Opera Stars.

"No real man respects a tenor. I'd rather be a real man," says Tony. "I don't want my life to be one long gargle!"

CARUSO is the most famous—and richest—of tenors. His income from his voice runs into the hundreds of thousands of dollars each year. He is courted and fêted wherever he goes, receiving often, indeed—although beginning life as a butcher's boy—the honors of royalty.

Hundreds of thousands of his countrymen look upon Caruso with eyes of admiring envy.

Is there, in fact, one who doesn't? There certainly is! Tony Ponzillo, brother of Rosa Ponselle, prima donna of the great Metropolitan Opera Company, does not. Furthermore, much as he admires Caruso's voice, he admits he wouldn't be a Caruso!

The amazing proof of Tony Ponzillo's sincerity is that while shovelling coal in Connecticut there came to him expert emissaries of that name Metropolitan grand opera on the word of his famous sister. Hearing him sing, they declared his voice as great as Caruso's in his youth, took him up to the mountains and showed him a vision of himself supplanting Caruso, and straightaway offered him a princely salary to begin.

And Tony Ponzillo refused! Surely there could be no greater proof of sincerity than that!

"I'd rather shovel coal in overalls than be a Caruso!" declared Tony.

What could be the reason for such an astonishing declaration? A representative of this magazine called upon the prima donna's brother in the Italian quarter of Meriden, Conn., to see whether he would tell Tony Ponzillo was delivering coal close by—and in the overalls he preferred to Caruso's magnificent stage costumes. He beamed and hummed at it through the back drop of his delivery wagon into a patron's collar.

"Come back to my office and I'll tell you," he said. He pointed proudly at his sign before he entered.

"I'm boss!" he remarked, cryptically. In the office was Mr. Ponzillo, his and the famous prima donna's father. The elder Ponzillo is a baker.

Was it that Tony did not like Caruso? No, he liked his voice, admired him greatly. Was it that he did not like to put on opera night after opera night the silk and tinsel, wave the sword, spout heroically about the stage?

"Well," answered Tony, "something like that. I'll tell you. Did you ever hear that consummation, 'What's a quartette?' And the answer is, 'Three men and a tenor!' 'Yet it's not all that, either. I'll tell you. I've got a voice,' said Tony. 'But I don't want to strut about the big stage and be blown by the spunkies from the horseboxes. Why should I? I don't call that living. I want to live.'

"I don't want to be a slave! Nobody who is on the grand opera stage is anything else. That for such a life!" He snapped his strong brown fingers.

"When I want to sing, I sing. When I don't want to sing, I don't sing. That's the life!"

"I am a business man and my own boss. Sometimes, when I can get him, I have a man work for me. I am boss; I'm not bossed."

"The grand opera tenor—he sings when he's told and rests when he's told. He goes to bed when the doctor tells him and he gets up when his teacher tells him!"

"Slavery! Horrible! What money could pay for it!"

"He has to dress up in a lot of fool clothes and strut along Fifth avenue to show himself off to the public. Like the minstrels and the circus that parade the street to draw folks to see the show. Only the grand opera singer, he parades by himself. It's no fun to parade alone. Such a life!"

"The grand opera singer has to be fashionable. He has to go to the Ritz or the Plaza and drink tea. No real, red-blooded man likes to drink tea, my more than any red-blooded man likes to eat medicine. But he drinks tea because it is expected of him that he do what society folks do. So he sits and sips tea and stammers. He acts like a fool and looks like a fool."

"Why not—when he feels like a fool?—a man isn't his own master. No more than a foolish white poodle on a leash is his own master. Society! Bah! I will be no singing poodle on a leash."

Tony Ponzillo stopped to answer the telephone. "One hundred pounds? Yes, that's all I can spare. Yes, I will bring it over myself in an hour or two."

"My idea of living is to work enough to make a living, but to be your own boss. And not work all the time. All the time the grand opera singer is working for the management. Even when he takes his beauty nap on the afternoon that he is to sing, then he is working for the management."

"I want to get up at half-past six in the morning. Not at one o'clock in the afternoon. I want to go hunting on a sunny afternoon, not drink tea."

"I want to lead to business and to take a little time to study with my voice when

I feel like it. Not when the manager or the maestro says I must. I have a friend, Mike Sprunk. He is a stone mason and a genius. He can play and sing and compose. Only Mike won't keep at the piano. I call him in and he accompanies me. We used to sing together down in the camp in Texas."

"I don't want to take care of my voice as if it was a diamond that I might lose in the dust of the road. I want to sing when I am happy and to make my friends happy, but I don't want to make my voice a slot machine. Drop in for a note. One drop a big or little coin, according to the note. 'I don't like it.' 'The nightingale don't sing that way. Not the thrush. I don't believe the good God nor the Virgin ever wanted us to do what you call exploit the voice or commercialize it. I think it was given us to express our joy in living.'

"What would I have not to do if I was to be an opera tenor? I could not eat fried food. Fried things are best. I relish them. I am miserable if I have to eat broiled meats. Most of our Italian dishes that all the world loves are fried—ravioli, potatoes, macaroni, spaghetti. Do you think I would forsake my father's national dishes to sing on the Metropolitan Opera stage? Never."

"If I should sing at the Metropolitan I could not drink a glass of beer. It is bad for the vocal chords. I was never drunk in my life, and I never will be, but if I want a second glass of beer I drink it. And if I want to pass my plate to my mother for more of her good spaghetti with the meat gravy, I want to pass my plate. I don't want to leave the table hungry for fear I'll gain a pound. 'Oh, the things you cannot do because they may hurt your throat! On days that

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COALWOOD
PHONE 337-4

Rosa Ponselle's Brother Tony on His Coal Cart and Her Father. Rosa Has Changed Her Name a Little—from Ponzillo to Ponselle.

you are to sing you must not talk. Suppose Mike Sprunk came in to see me and say he just saw the Yale game and tell me about it. Am I to sit like a dummy and say nothing? No, no, no!"

"And to gargle your throat twenty times a day? Bah!"

"But the fortune your voice might earn? And the hundred and ten thousand dollars a year your sister Rosa earns?"

"What is money to a slave? My sister Rosa is a wonderful girl. She is—so we all say in the family—a miracle. She can learn in ten days what other artists need five weeks to study. There is no one else in the world like my wonderful sister Rosa. It is all right for a woman to go into a grand opera if she wants to. But it's not a man's job."

"And another reason I don't want to go into grand opera is that when I get ready to marry I want to marry the right kind of a girl."

"If I were in opera I suppose I'd get fool notes from fool girls. Some of them from fool married women, who ought to know better. They would tell me they were in love with me. Maybe at first I'd have enough sense to know that it wasn't me they were in love with, but Faust or Lohengrin, or Tristan, or some other grand opera lover. But after a while I wouldn't."

"For I've no more sense than any other man. The difference between a tenor and other men is that the tenor is adored. And if a man's adored enough he gets conceited. Every tenor is conceited."

"Another reason is that I'm a man's man. I like to sleep a fellow on the back and have him nearly knock me down by a return slap. If I should be a grand opera tenor probably he would knock me down. I'd be so soft and pampered by luxury and lack of

exercise that I wouldn't have enough strength to stand up against a good whack on the back. Or, if he does, he's getting himself ready for a thrashing he'll remember."

"I want a healthy, sensible girl, such a girl as my mother must have been; such a girl as wouldn't hang around the stage door of an opera house to watch the tenor come out and gaze while he clears his throat. I want enough to have a good little home and a good little wife and a good little car and by and by some good little children. What more should a real man want? That's living."

"And I'll be no slave!"

Rosa Ponselle, the sister whose rise in grand opera was no swift and surprising, played and sang in the little Meriden road house which her father kept as an annex to his bakery. For a little time on, and

her sister were in vaudeville. After only five months study she leaped into the place of a prima donna at the Metropolitan. Her voice is a rare quality of dramatic soprano. Tony and Rosa and the second sister, Carmela, went to public school in Meriden. Tony enlisted when the United States went to war.

"It's too bad," sighs sister Rosa, of his refusal to take Caruso's place. "It's dreadful!" says Carmela. "But I won't go into opera" indicated Tony as he held the writer into a taxi. "I want to live. I don't want my life to be one long gargle. A slave to my throat—not me!"

OF LUCK BY Arthur S.

(Continued from Page 1)

self another grin of enjoyment. There his eyes alighted upon the urchin who had riskily applauded the insulting speech of the tramp. He started momentarily toward the urchin. The latter darted down the alley which had been the nocturnal couch of Mr. Magee. He disappeared.

Officer Mulcahy looked about the quiet residential street. He sighed; there were no more words to conquer; he resumed the measured pacing of his beat.

Around the first corner Mr. Magee relaxed his speed. A backward glance assured him that Officer Mulcahy did not meditate pursuit. The rockpile that had loomed large before him dwindled to the size of a pebble. Work—hard manual labor—was pleasantly afoot once more. A man might think of breakfast.

He humbled in the pockets of his tattered coat with pleasurable anticipation. Last night there had been three silver quarters there; and none of them had been wasted on loquacious for the night had been one of September's jewels.

Three quarters! Seventy-five sweet cents! "Scotty" for a whole day, though never a handout passed from cooking housewife to beggar errand of the road! But that was last night. "No more!"

Mr. Magee invoked the Fates. He cried aloud to the spirit of justice that his long-past school days had told him hovered ever shadow the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"Rolled!" he cried. "Nicked!" So help me Joseph, a gentleman can't close his eyes in blissful slumber 'neath the tender moon without some city slick frisking him as he dreams. "No more!"

He looked about him. He remembered what he had heard of Rockport; that it was a place to be shunned by knights of the road, for that its citizens were cold to those who toiled not. Only yesterday that Mr. Magee had been ignorant of the final destination of a freight which he had boarded, coupled with the devotion to duty which had made a freight handrail padlock the door of the "ferry" in which he rode, had brought Mr. Magee to Rockport.

He had intended to detour around the city. Once in it, he had planned leaving the next day. But to the east, whither he had purposed going, lay the river. One must have the price of a ferry ticket to cross it, to gain the access to "blind baggage" beloved of tramps.

West, south and north Mr. Magee could hope to go. The "ferry" of a train in the Union Station awaited his presence. But Mr. Magee wished to go east. For no other reason than the all-sufficient one that he wanted to. He would not go to the railroad yards and underneath the heavy door to south or north. He would cross the ferry and resume his eastward way.

Down the street loomed the blue figure of another policeman. Mr. Magee shivered though the morn was warm. Judging from what he'd heard, his late police antagonist was an exception; any other policeman would be likely to lack the kindness of heart—though not of hand—that had so far saved Mr. Magee from a vagrant.

There was a cross street before Mr. Magee. It led to the Union Station and train sheds. He could dodge down the cross street, gain the street, and cross his eastward trip. Or he could dodge through a yard, come out upon another street, thus avoiding the approaching policeman, and—look for work!

Mr. Magee's lip curled at the alternative, but—his vision was dim—he decided on doing he must raise the three cents which an octopus ferry company demanded of its wretched passengers—strictly in advance.

Mr. Magee was too proud to beg for money; he had never accepted a cent of charity in his life. For Scotty—that was different. But money—some help—around, some vile, debased crawler of the night, had fricked him of his three silver quarters, that meat food and the continuance of his journey to the rising sun. The food, that was nothing; the money, that was seventy-five cents.

Mr. Magee would wait the day without food; he would not attack the Rockport housewife; their lack of hospitality, their refusal for large and hungry dogs, had been bruited about town. Their ignominious habit of commencing a fight with a policeman whenever a knight of the road asked for the humble biscuit or the homely pie had been impressed upon Mr. Magee by fellow tramps.

Food—that was nothing; he tightened his belt. Three cents! That was three cents! He must find a job of some sort and hold it long enough to gain the price of ferriage. Disaster loomed.

"I worked three hours the day before yesterday," said Mr. Magee, "but copying my late lamented quarters for fifty cents I forgot all my principles. Facilis deus labori, to paraphrase a wise old guy. If I'm not careful I'll get the work bag!" He shuddered. "However—three cents!"

He hastily crossed a lawn, passed beneath a washing-line odorous of soda and betokening an alert and early housewife, vaulted a picket fence, dodged under a stable, crossed another lawn, and upon a street that led—his judgment was dimmer—buildings in the distance—toward the business district. Mr. Magee walked hastily down its length. He passed butcher, grocer, druggist, dry goods and stationery stores, before coming to a place that seemed to hold promise.

Finally he paused before a huge build-

ing from whose yawning portals men were loading bales, cases and huge rolls upon trucks. Mr. Magee sidled up to a man who stood upon the curb and with a loud voice delivered mandate and countermand.

"Get a job for a man!" demanded Mr. Magee.

The boss of the operations wheeled and stared at Mr. Magee.

"We don't hire bums," he said curtly, his swift glance taking in Mr. Magee and his appearances of apparel.

"A most laudable principle," said Mr. Magee cordially. "Only it doesn't apply just now. True, my garb isn't all that—"

"Where did you work last?" demanded the boss.

"Reelton," said Mr. Magee.

"Got a reference?"

Mr. Magee looked from the boss to the packing cases. Then he flexed his arm.

"I'll promise not to put a piano in my pocket," he said. "And feel that arm! Isn't that reference enough for the sort of job you'll give me?"

But a clumsy porter dropped a roll of carpet to the sidewalk and the boss forgot Mr. Magee and his interesting manner of speaking the while he painted, with a vivacity that was not too impressionistic to lack detail, the ancestry, present social position and probable spiritual future of the hapless workman. Then, still stirred by magnificent wrath, his eyes lighted upon Mr. Magee.

"Get, you panhandler, or I'll hang one on your ear!" he promised.

The boss was surrounded by men who depended upon his favor for their employment. They would not side with Mr. Magee in the event of hostilities.

Magee turned away, yet pausing long enough to announce blantly:

"All right, my courteous friend. Just for that I'm going to stick around this alleged imitation of a town long enough to buy this store and hand you a blue envelope, you replica of a shame-faced swine!"

The absurdity of the feeble boast overshadowed the insult that accompanied it. The boss burst into laughter.

"I suppose you'll buy it with part of your quarterly dividends from old man Blake, eh?"

That the name of the owner of this store was "Mr. Blake," inquired Mr. Magee.

"Silas J. Blake, Esquire; that's the name," laughed the boss. "This wholesale furniture store is only worth about two million dollars, but—"

Mr. Magee bowed. "I thank you, my urbane and jocund friend. I shall communicate with Mr. Blake and shortly have the felicity of attaching a can to you. Good morning!"

The latter was delivered a trifle hastily; for the boss, forgetful of the first law of debate, that physical force is not argument, had picked up from the sidewalk a loose cobblestone, and the action was indicative to the acute Mr. Magee of the boss' weariness of speech. Incontinently Mr. Magee turned upon his heel and departed.

At other buildings, wholesale and retail store, Mr. Magee stopped and asked for an opportunity to earn money by manual labor; but the citizenry of Rockport were as hard as their city's name. They did not care to hire men whose shabbiness was an affront to the whole garment trade. They distrusted the freelance of labor. They wanted family men.

"Do you suppose," asked Mr. Magee politely of one man, "that quarrelsome with a wife develop men whose muscles make him more capable of toiling stoves around?"

"Best bet!" was the answer.

That was the seventh place whereat Mr. Magee had applied for work. The day was passing; his feet had not been broken Westward, whence he had come, folks were not particular. They did not demand a belted coat or a descendant of John Alden to cut the grass.

Mr. Magee was no moral weakling, nor yet did he err upon the side of stubbornness. "I want to go east," he said to himself, "but—three cents; no job; and I hate this feeling that I'm a dot and every cop's a sourdier. I hate to do it."

Toward the Union Station, despiteing his self-placidity, he felt the temptation to visit the rising sun, yet well aware that fiery hands are coarse, uneducated souls, and that the freight firm might be in pitching a dice grater into the river, and having become so hopeless of attaining the goal of his quest, he turned his back on rivermen. Mr. Magee wended his disgraced way. The east was not for him.

He gained the porch of the station. An eye out for a weaver of the city's blue, he sidled along the high black walls of the station toward the freight sheds. In the gathering twilight he stood by a broad, barred gate, peering into the train yards, watching for opportunity to gain a car while no eyes were upon him.

He felt a tug at his shoulder and turned with dread of arrest in his heart. But he looked not into the eyes of a policeman, but into the shifty eyes of a face over fat and swollen velvet.

"Say, your makeup's so good that I was leery of you," said the stranger. "I was leery of you, you were one swell actor, but when it's up to you to go good you really are! If they pinched you for a vag and found this vag on you?" As he spoke he drew from his coat a tiny hand an envelope whose crisp contents crackled with pleasant reminiscence of days ere

Mr. Magee had taken to the road—"why the hulls would drop dead. Better shed the make-up as soon as you can. How, don't hang onto it like it was a rattlesnake. Stow it away, you boob!"

He pushed the hand of Mr. Magee toward him, held the envelope.

"Stow it away!" echoed Mr. Magee dazedly. "You mean—this is for me?"

"Wake up, bo! D'you think it's for the King of Spain? This is a time for friends. Sink it and blow. My critics, I won't rest easy till we hear from you. Some ball is liable to pinch you, and—beat it! bo—beat it!"

"This is the stuff you were told to hand me?" queried Mr. Magee, slightly emphasizing the objective pronoun.

"Man alive this ain't no frame-up," snarled the shifty-eyed gentleman. "I ain't got a cop around the corner; the money ain't marked. It's yours—to do what you see fit with. That's how Holberg put it. You know. Stong!"

His Shiftness turned on a tan-leather shed heel, exhibiting to the dazed gaze of Mr. Magee a broad back equipped in a check that shrieked aloud. Three steps His Shiftness took. Then he wheeled suddenly and was before Mr. Magee.

"Duck behind me—duck behind me!" he whispered hoarsely. "Don't look; stick behind me!"

In the shadow of the gateway, aided by the bulk of his strange friend and further assisted by the coming darkness, Mr. Magee was undoubtedly invisible to the persons who passed by in an auto, even had they tried to see him, which evidently they did not.

"Good I'm fat and you ain't," said the be-checked gentleman. "Even though it's dark and you're made up, I'd know you."

"And who is she?" demanded Mr. Magee, crouching in the shadow as the big car with a fascinatingly beautiful young woman at the wheel sped by.

"The girl you're going to marry," was the strange reply. "It was old Silas Blake's auto. Yes, sir, Mayor Blake and she were in it. They might be coming back this way any minute. Better duck across the street and do a sneak. Stong!"

This time he did not turn back. He passed hastily up by the station and turned a corner.

If he had turned back he would have seen Mr. Magee, manifestly of warning, standing by the train yard gate, starting after the majority auto. For from underneath the checked one's arm Mr. Magee had glimpsed, with eyes that were keen enough to enable him to swing beneath a moving train in the darkness, a vision of golden hair, of a flying motor veil that revealed the perfect face beneath.

"The Mayor—the owner of the big store—his daughter! The girl I'm to marry!"

—I, the panhandler, the outcast, the vagabond! So help me, Joseph, I've a mind to stay in this town until—until I do—I—"

He drew out the envelope from beneath his rags. He opened the flap and peered within. "My God!" he said solemnly.

He looked swiftly up and down the street; no one seemed to be watching him. For the third time he had declared his intention of remaining in Rockport, and they tell us that the third time never fails.

One of the trinity, power, gold or woman, awakens us to ambition. And all three had spoken to him in the darkness, to punish Mulcahy; Money, to rebuke the insolent foreman; Woman—

"The best bet, whoever he is," said Mr. Magee. "He must be a crook to have a date with his Checkers in a dark corner, and to make a bet with a guy like that aspiring to—her! The nerve of him! The gall of him! No gentleman would allow such a thing! Certainly not!"

He shot swiftly across the street and was lost in the tortuous byways of the Rockport slums.

CHAPTER II A Man Transformed

HAVING first by many a backward glance and shifting turn of convenient corner assured his palpitating heart that the glance of the mayor's daughter, whom unwittingly he had perceived, was not directed toward him, he proceeded, or, at any rate, was in pursuit—Mr. Magee paused before a saloon whose shabby exterior no less than the hard-beyond patrons glimpsed within, seemed to promise that here were portals

framed by dirty-red brick. Only the bartender paid any attention to Mr. Magee. That worthy, his heavy chest and ponderous head, modestly secluded behind an apron that might once have been white, slithered easily down the length of the bar, rubbing a grimace along its moist top.

He paused before Mr. Magee's apparel and said:

"Well!" said the bartender, his intonation an intimation that things would not



Desperately his Shiftness struggled in the grasp of Holberg. His red face grew more crimson; his eyes were popping from his head; the fear of death stood large on his countenance. It was Mr. Magee undoubtedly who saved Holberg from murder and Tarsen from the room suitly. "Let him go!" he snapped. "This is getting you nothing!"

be well with any one who dared purchase without means of liquidation.

Mr. Magee dropped across the bar. "Slip me a tell, feller," he said in a whisper. "I got somethin' and it ain't doin' me no good; I'm in a yard with walls around me; put me jerry to an Isaac at a gate."

The bartender's cold eyes showed a gleam of interest.

"Cracked somethin'?"

"Slit it in little pieces," said Mr. Magee with modest pride. "But I ain't use to the burg. I dodged the bulls, but they was close behind and I hadda take a ride to here. Steer me, feller, steer me. I'll not forget it."

"Oh, that's all right," said the bartender, suddenly amiable. "Always glad to oblige a pal. Hope you'll look us up after you're fixed. Know Denton street?"

Mr. Magee shook his head.

"Second street to the right after you leave here," said the bartender. "The three balls in the middle of the block. He's as close as his skin. His bits large, but—"

"He shrugged his shoulders.

"Sure," said Mr. Magee. "Here's takin' his risks, too. Well, feller, I'm certainly obliged to you. I didn't know where to look for a place, and—"

"All right," said the affable bartender. "Have a little somethin'."

"Later, thanks," said Mr. Magee, and drifted into the night and in the direction of Denton street.

He turned a corner and just beyond the glare of the arc light there inserted his hand inside his garments. His fingers fumbled at the envelope and deftly separated one of the bills within from the others. He withdrew his hand, crumpled the single bill into a ball and entered the pawnbroker's shop, casting first a glance

at the name below the three balls suspended over the entrance.

"I want to see the math stem," he said to the pimply youth clerk who stared from behind a counter. "Tell Rosenbaum the bartender in Henion's saloon steered me."

The pimply youth looked doubtful for a moment, then knocked upon a door behind him. A moment later a spectacled, curly-bearded man of grey countenance and shining bald pate emerged from a rear room. He looked at Mr. Magee.

"Come in," said Rosenbaum. He lifted up a blinged section of the counter and pointed to the door from which he came. Unhesitatingly Mr. Magee entered the inner room. The pawnbroker followed him, leaving the door open. Mr. Magee related to him.

"Shut it," he commanded. "I didn't come in to rob."

Unwillingly Rosenbaum closed the door. Then he turned impatiently to his impressive client.

"Well! What have you got?"

Mr. Magee opened his hand. He smoothed the bill and held it close to the eyes of the pawnbroker.

"How much?" he asked.

The pawnbroker made a move toward the door. "I don't monkey with the queer," he said dispassionately. "Get out."

"Queer? Well! Look at it! Taste it, you son of a—"

Mr. Magee extended fingers. He ran his sensitive finger ends over it. Surprised, he held the bill to the light, then from a desk he brought forth a magnifying glass and studied the paper. Finally he looked at Mr. Magee.

"There did you get it?"

"Never you mind about that," said Mr. Magee. "How much will you give me for it?"

"Why don't you go to a bank?"

Mr. Magee laughed contemptuously. "Lamp me, friend," he said. "How far past the door porter of any bank would I get in these rags? And if I did—I'm not anxious to explain to the police how I happen to own a thousand-dollar bill. Use your eyes, how much?"

Once more this time evidently to ascertain if the bill were marked, the pawnbroker studied it. Again he looked at Mr. Magee.

"I'll give you five hundred," he offered.

"Aren't you the generous little man?" Mr. Magee asked. "Here, gimme my money. You ain't the only three-ball like in Rockport, you know."

He reached for the bill, but Mr. Rosenbaum avoided him. "Six hundred," said Mr. Magee.

Mr. Magee shook his head.

"Seven hundred," said Rosenbaum, "and to help me, Jacob, I couldn't make it at other cent. You rags was too much at ways. You never think of the risk I run in Rockport, you know."

"It isn't," said Mr. Magee.

"But suppose the number is known. I try to exchange it and I'm out what I give you. Have a heart, my friend! I like you and I will do the best I can for you."

[illegible]

all—about him. I can make him pull out, and—a poor fool will rush in where a scoundrel dared to tread. Heigh-ho, it's a great world."

He rang the bell

The voice was not unfamiliar, and Mr. Blagoe, looking up, recognized His Shiftiness of the Twenty thousand-dollar bills.

(To be Continued Next Sunday)

Searching For America's Master Criminal



John F. Duggan, general manager of a great New York department store and vice-president of the Stores' Mutual Protective Association, the combination of department store owners, which is gradually but surely hunting down the shoplifting organization. Mr. Duggan was one of the first to propose a nation-wide effort to thwart the Master Criminal, and is perhaps the most dangerous enemy of this cunning rogue.

The Kindergartens of Crime.

In his story of "Oliver Twist" Dickens created the character of Fagin, the despicable, sordid criminal, who made a living by teaching boys and girls how to be pickpockets and petty thieves. So realistic was the Fagin of Dickens that even since that time the word Fagin has meant to the popular mind the lowest and vilest sort of wretch—one who touches children how to become criminals.

Last week on this page Catherine Riley, one of the most notorious of shoplifters, told how the master criminal lures men and women into his organization of thieves and assassins and makes of them virtually slaves to his criminal will. But the police authorities in the large cities of the East have found that this master crime is guilty of even a still more abominable practice. He has created his own Fagins, who in their modern and much more efficient way take girls away from their families and schools, right from their families and playmates, and teach them to serve the pernicious organization which the master criminal has built up.

The original Fagin gave his lessons in a dark, evil colored stall, hid away in the alleys of Whitechapel. He gave his lessons mostly with the aid of a cudgel. The new Fagins of the master criminal are not so crude. They have equipped schools, with chalk and blackboards. They have fixed regular school hours. And they have put these schools not in the slums or in the alleys hidden away from the police and all other neighbors, but in neighborhoods where staid and respectable residences flank them on either side.

It is almost unbelievable that in a great city like New York there could exist a school for crime, where children are taught, with a carefully prepared curriculum, all the tricks of the thieves' trade, graduated and then coached along in their criminal career. But the records of the police are there to testify that the master criminal does conduct such schools, with highly efficient teachers, and that they have become one of the dread menaces of his organization.

It has been told before on these pages that the proprietors of all the great stores in the national metropolis have formed a necessary to join themselves in the Stores Mutual Protective Association for the purpose of helping conduct an organized, pitiless war against the master criminal. It is this organization which has placed its own detective force in all the great stores, where it can continually be watching for the agents of him whom Catherine Riley last week called "the Chief." One of the leaders of this organization of detectives is Howard Browne, who has organized detective forces for some of the nation's greatest retail institutions.

Today this Howard Browne, as head of the Bureau of Investigation of one of New York's biggest stores, is conducting a relentless

war against that part of the master criminal's band which comes under his observation—the shop-lifters. And it is Mr. Browne who, with the assistance of New York's clever police, uncovered last June one of the boldest of the master criminal's schools for the instruction of children in the cunning of the shoplifter.

This academy of crime was discovered as the result of one of those accidents which even the ingenious mind of the nation's master criminal cannot insure against—an accident which brought about the explanation of one of the greatest sources of loss from which big department stores have suffered year after year.

In one of the stores in New York City, where more than 2,500 employees continually are on the pay rolls, a woman customer purchased a street suit of a model which was priced at \$250. She asked that it be sent to her address C. O. D., stipulating that it be delivered early that afternoon. She had made purchases in the suit department before, and was, therefore, well known to the salespeople. They agreed to her request without hesitation, knowing that in the past her C. O. D. packages always had been accepted.

This customer then proceeded to shop in the departments of the store. After half an hour or so she decided that, instead of having the suit sent home C. O. D., she would pay for it from money she had with her. She took it home with her. She turned back toward the suit department, on an upper floor, to ask the saleswoman there to get her the package.

On her way upstairs she met a store errand girl coming down, carrying a package. She recognized the errand girl as the one to whom her suit had been given for packing when she purchased it, and as she had waited near the packing desk for her C. O. D. request to be passed by the floor superintendent, and had seen her suit wrapped in its box, she recognized the package as the one containing the very suit which she planned soon to be carrying home.

At the suit department desk the saleswoman who had waited upon her was eager to accommodate her by recovering the C. O. D. package, changing the C. O. D. sales check to one marked "Paid," and delivering it to her. An errand girl was sent to trace the package. She reported that it had passed the wrapping desk, the inspection desk and into the delivery department, ready to be sent out on a wagon.



Photo by Frank Gies.

Boy policemen in New York—An interesting experiment in preserving law and order and inculcating the principles of these in youthful minds. The standing figure is Judge Aaron J. Levy, the champion of the idea. (Above, in Circle) Girl culprits before the Juvenile Court, an institution which combats strongly the wicked criminal influences revealed on these pages.

An order was hastily written and countersigned by the floor superintendent authorizing the delivery department to rescue the package and return it to the salesroom. The errand girl hurried down to present the order.

After half an hour or more the girl returned to the suit department, but without the package. Something very mysterious had happened, she reported. The package had been received in the delivery department, but it could not be found. The floor superintendent himself hurried down to the delivery room, as the customer was becoming impatient. He saw on the delivery room forms that the package had been received and signed for. But there was no further record of it. There were various sheets and check books on which it should have been recorded after it had passed the receiving clerk, but it was noted on none of these. A hurried search of all packages in the delivery room was made, but it could not be found.

The customer was very petulant. The floor superintendent suspected that there is another case of "beating the C. O. D." as the store employees characterized a system which they had never yet solved—the master criminal's system of circumventing the elaborate checking devices by which the department store keeps its records of each sale made.

An investigation of the disappearance of the package was made immediately, but it was fruitless.

How the modern department store teaches its shop girls the intricacies of the "sales check" system and how to be courteous and efficient clerks. This is the "schoolroom" in the big Gimbel's store in New York, and here each new shop girl must first attend daily lessons in sales making and sales recording. It is this school which the Master Criminal copied for his Fagins, as will be seen on the opposite page. The instructor is Mr. E. W. Oakley, head of the Gimbel Educational Department.

The full record of the sale and the contents of the package. In the case of C. O. D. packages his slip also charged him with the return of the money to the cashier. From the delivery superintendent's desk the errand girl was required only to take the package into the room and drop it in a bin where C. O. D. packages are accumulated for later routing and actual delivery.

The errand girl now apparently was vindicated—as it was expected she would be—from all carelessness. The store's elaborate system had been followed out in all instances, as far as she was concerned, and the records showed, by the portions of the slip she had taken her package to the delivery room and left it there. There was but one more transaction she was charged with. After leaving the delivery room she still had in her possession a remaining portion of the original sales check. This, still containing a complete record of the sale and the C. O. D. charge, she was required by the rules to take to the auditing department, and there it was a receipt for C. O. D. checks. This remaining portion of the slip contained the record upon which the cashier would ask \$250 of the delivery department.

The chief of the store's bureau of investigation now sent the errand girl back to her work. It was shown her that she had followed the usual course and had passed the package through all the different departments on its way to the delivery room, and had left it there to be put on a wagon and sent to the purchaser's home to be collected for.

The chief of the store's bureau of investigation went with the girl to the wrapping desk. Here was the inspector to whom the girl had handed the suit to be packed. With the suit had been handed over the sales check for \$250 made out by the clerk. The inspector, after looking at the suit to see that all its separate pieces were intact and that its price tags corresponded with the sales check markings, had detached a part of the check for her files and had returned the wrapped package and the balance of the check to the errand girl.

From the inspection desk the errand girl was taken to the delivery department, her next step with the missing package. Here the superintendent of the delivery room produced his records. These showed that the girl had correctly delivered the package to him, that it was recorded on his book as having been received. It was his custom in the delivery department to detach from that part of the sales check still carried by the errand girl a slip on which was written

chased the suit it was delivered to her and she had paid the \$250 to the delivery man. She was asked to come to the store at once. There she was confronted with the store's driver, who had delivered packages that day in her neighborhood. He was not the man, she said, to whom she had paid the \$250. It was a man not in the usual uniform of the store's drivers, but he had said quite casually that he was a "special delivery" man, and so she had not questioned his lack of uniform—at any rate he had the package containing her suit and a sales check which he had left with her as a receipt. It all seemed perfectly legitimate.

The customer produced the "receipt" left by the collector, and in it the manager recognized at once the missing auditing slip.

Astonishing Exploits of a Nationalization of Highly-Skilled Pro-Led by a Criminal Genius Whose Achievements Outmatch Any in Novels or in the Motion

It was very mysterious—but not the first time just such incidents had occurred. Not only in the case of C. O. D. packages, but with partially paid packages, and packages wholly paid for and left only to be delivered to the customer, had thousands upon thousands of dollars worth of goods disappeared from the shelves of the store. The checking system was elaborate—as is to be seen in tracing the progress of this \$250 suit through the store—but the system was being beaten. With C. O. D. packages, sometimes they disappeared entirely—carried away and sold to the "fence," who has been described on these pages before.

The bureau of investigation, which really was the store's police department and had worked persistently to discover the link, but so far had failed. But accidents will sometimes happen—and in this case one had happened which the thieves had not reckoned with. The customer remembered that when she was returning to the suit department to reclaim her suit and take it home with her she had met the little errand girl carrying the package to the delivery room. She related the incident. Where she had seen the little girl was in a part of the store far off the route she should have taken to the delivery room.

Mr. Browne, the chief of the bureau of investigation, sent for the errand girl. With a display of courteous seriousness he sat her in a chair in the centre of his office and asked around the ring of his store detectives. The little girl was frightened. When Mr. Browne began asking questions at her, she weakened—then broke down. Between sobs she confessed that she had stolen the package. After taking it through the various checking posts to the delivery department she had gone through the various rooms of the store, packing the package in the C. O. D. routing bin while the receiving clerk, as busy packing other packages, had slipped past him, with the package under her arm, into the store again.

Of course, an errand girl could go wherever she wished in the big store carrying packages without being questioned. She went straight to a corner of the store in the men's department where she knew a man would always be waiting to receive her packages from her or other errand girls. Always, she said, there was a man waiting there. Different men came and went, each staying but a few minutes at a time, and always someone was on the watch. There was a sign which she recognized as the sign of a man who was a "fence."

She had turned over her package to the man waiting at the rendezvous, and he had carried it to the auditing slip, out of the store. That was all she had to do with the package. She was not to steal in this way at least one package every other day. There were many other errand girls and salesgirls in the store who had been taught to do the same thing, she added.

The word "fence" caught the ear of Mr. Browne. He asked her what she meant by saying she and the other girls had been "stealing" the packages. The man who had been waiting for her was not the man who had been waiting for her. It was then the master criminal's sign of crime for children was disclosed. The little girl declared that she had "gone to school" in a home where there was a real school room in which she and others of her age were taught how to "beat" the checking system of the big stores.

When the little girl was left with her tears in the custody of a matron, Mr. Browne, the store detective, reinforced by policemen,

went that evening to the house in East Thirty-fourth street, just off busy Fifth avenue, which the errand girl had described. If her amazing story had been doubted, he would have found it was true as soon revealed.

In a long attic room, fitted with benches, desks and a blackboard, a class of boys and girls, each just old enough to be eligible for positions as junior clerks and errand girls in department stores, was being instructed in complicated methods of "beating" the checking systems of the different big stores in New York City. The teacher, a man, had on his desk duplicates of the various sales checks in use in any of the larger stores. Illustrating on the blackboard, he was explaining to his pupils how these checks might be manipulated in such ways as to permit sales to be made on credit, and how valuable materials left by customers to be delivered; how to make false bills, and how to permit the pocketing of a part of the money paid them by customers and yet avoid attracting the attention of inspectors, cashiers or auditors; how to act in collusion with dishonest drivers, delivery clerks or errand girls so as to place packages of purchased goods in the hands of the confederates who waited at appointed rendezvous for anything that might be handed them to carry out of the store.

For the benefit of those who might become errand girls it was explained how valuable packages might be made to "disappear" with record within the store—just as the \$250 C. O. D. suit had been apparently "lost"—but to be collected for by another member of the band.

The teacher and the juvenile members of the class were taken away by the police. Among the latter the store detectives recognized several girls who, in the daytime, were pupils in the training school for young clerks conducted in their own store. In the daytime they were taught how to turn their attention to the account of the master criminal's band of shop thieves.

From the young pupils in this class in crime as much of the Fagin store as they could tell was learned by the detectives after many hours of questioning. The teacher refused to talk.

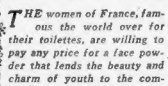
Agents of the master criminal, or of those who made up the shoplifting band, were sent to the big department stores, sought young girls capable of being put in the store. Sometimes they found them in the employment departments and followed them to the street where they were being trained for positions. The ways of approaching these working-class girls were varied. Nearly always, though, it would be a youth, neatly dressed, debonair and pleasing of manner, who would come upon an acquaintance with a girl who was thought to be a likely candidate for a place in the criminal organization. Older girls, already lured into the net, sometimes were sent to the stores as applicants for positions, and thus to find their way into the store schools where newcomers were taught the intricacies of the sales system. Here the older girls made acquaintances of younger pupils and tempted them to join the band of thieves to be had, of pretty clothes and money in excess of their wages, if they would become members of the band. The youths who made acquaintances on the street, or at the most respectable of the drug store soda fountain, simply used the age-old formula of influence and money. Many of the girls were imported from South America—their quaint costumes and mannerisms and gaudy gallantries worked havoc with the emotions of the susceptible young girls.

The general disappearance of proper environments in many of the homes of the middle classes in the great cities of the East has made this corruption of children more easy. In many cases, for those who are cunning and skilled and unmerciful, has capitalized this unfortunate condition to the detriment of the young. In the great cities of the East has made this corruption of children more easy. In many cases, for those who are cunning and skilled and unmerciful, has capitalized this unfortunate condition to the detriment of the young. In the great cities of the East has made this corruption of children more easy. In many cases, for those who are cunning and skilled and unmerciful, has capitalized this unfortunate condition to the detriment of the young.

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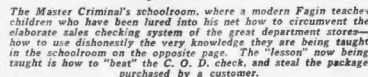
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Frequently these young people act in co-operation with other dishonest employees. At one store recently was discovered that a single delivery driver had received through the delivery department, goods valued at more than ten thousand dollars within a single month, of which there was no record on the store's sales records. A girl stationed in the stock room where costly gowns were kept, acting in collusion with an errand girl, had sent gowns and dresses valued at this amount to the delivery department without sales checks. Here the girl delivered the goods to the dishonest driver, who took them out of the store in his wagon and then turned them over to other agents of the



BANISH GRAY HAIR

Why does your hair turn gray, greasy, thin, or fall out? The reason is that only produces the best results when Kolor-Bal is used. The color of the hair is not changed, no matter what it may have been—black, brown, Auburn or any other color guaranteed to stay money back if it fails. Wonderful results, too, because Kolor-Bal removes the CAUSE of the hair loss, stimulates the growth of new hair follicles and renews the production of the pigments which give hair its color. You will notice, after even a few days' use, your hair is growing again. You will notice a wonderful change. Kolor-Bal is the only hair treatment that tones up and invigorates the scalp and stops falling hair. Guarantees to give you the hair you want. Applications. Simplest treatment in the world. Write to-day for free literature. Kolor-Bal is the only hair treatment that explains why Kolor-Bal is such an marvelous success. Hygienic Laboratories, 1141 North Dearborn, Chicago, Ill.



seen by the customer, and who thus was the cause of the discovery of the crime school in New York City. She had been in the store for a long time, and had been hired into the band. She had been approached, just outside the store, where she finally obtained employment. The young man said just after she had left her first application for a position. The young man raised his hat—she had been told that she was taught to shun all such chance acquaintances. In an hour she was captivated by the attention this young man gave her, and told him he was from Spain, paid to meet her. There was an engagement to meet that evening. He met her at the corner of the house.

She didn't think she was too

In the store in which she finally captured she approached waist coater at a time when several other customers were loitering at the garments on display. Among these was a well-known elderly woman whom the clerk seemed to know as a frequent patron. After waiting at the counter for a moment, "Edna Price" suddenly grasped the elderly woman's hand and exclaimed upon her, "—this is Mrs. Evans—I haven't seen you for years—I am so glad I have thought of you so often—are you, indeed?"

The elderly woman was puzzled. She withdrew her hand and looked upon the young stranger with astonishment. P

May at Once—her walking stick
declared that she would be in a
circumstance. She assured
young woman she did not mind
—"really, it is interesting
know that one so closely resemble
another." The clerk turned her
to their other customers and
tried to take care of the wants
had neglected for a moment.
young woman lingered for a minute
and then, with another smile,
apology to the elder woman, turned

TO ALL WOMEN

nothing like it. Fashions demand h
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OF COURSE MADAME WANTS THE SHOES TO MATCH HER COSTUME?



Does madame know that the daintiest shoes in the most entrancing colorings are made of "F. B & C." kid?

Soft as madame's glove, they mould perfectly to her foot, adding that charm of grace that is a pleasure and a comfort. Shoes of "F.B.&C." kid

are made in the widest variety of harmonizing colors and will be found in the good shoe shops. Footwear made of the genuine bears the trademark. Look for it.

At your request we will gladly send you our illustrated booklet "Foot Notes."

"'F. B & C.' FITS ON THE FOOT LIKE A GLOVE ON THE HAND"



THE FASHION PUBLICITY CO.
DEPARTMENT N
NEW YORK CITY



"F. B & C." COLORED KID WEEK STARTS TOMORROW
LOOK FOR THE WINDOW DISPLAY IN YOUR SHOE SHOP

Brer Rabbit Molasses

The real New Orleans Molasses

IMPORTANT.

The sure to say "Gold Label" Brer Rabbit to your grocer to get the highest grade real New Orleans Molasses.

This is a delicious, light-colored, mild-flavored molasses for table use—for pancakes, waffles, biscuits, sliced bread for children. For fancy baking, cooking and candy making, there is nothing better.

IMPORTANT

Remember that Brer Rabbit in the Green Can is a specially selected New Orleans Molasses for cooking, baking and Candy Making. It is darker in color and stronger in flavor than the Gold Label—and costs less. First-class grocers carry both kinds.



How Brer Rabbit Molasses Became a Daily Necessity in Our Household

By Mrs. Farrington Hollis.

EVERYBODY knows "New Orleans Molasses." For a time real New Orleans Molasses was mighty hard to get.

I, for one, joined in the chorus: "Where can you get real New Orleans Molasses?"

After asking that song to grocers everywhere for a stretch of time I decided to forget New Orleans Molasses.

And I did—until about eighteen or twenty months ago I noticed a Brer Rabbit Molasses advertisement.

That ad suggested that I try a can each of Gold Label and Green Label Brer Rabbit Molasses—and I did.

First we had pancakes and Brer Rabbit Molasses (from the Gold Labeled Can). I firmly believe that pancakes were originated solely to serve New Orleans Molasses. Then we had delicious waffles with Brer Rabbit—and a few strips of crisp bacon.

I am ashamed to say how quickly the first can of Gold Label Brer Rabbit was emptied. We have a large family, of course, and the little folks went quite wild over sliced bread and Brer Rabbit, which, by the way, saves a neat sum in the butter bill.

I WAS told by a doctor that Molasses is one of the healthiest foods a mother can serve children. It contains mineral salts which help to build all structure. This is not present in white sugar.

I've been speaking all the while about Gold Label Brer Rabbit, so you must be wondering what I did with the Green Labeled Can.

Let me explain the difference between the two kinds of Brer Rabbit. The Gold Label is for table use, while the Green Label is especially for cooking.

Of course the Gold Label is also for cooking, baking and candy making—in fact, it's the finest molasses for kitchen use. But many people find the Green Label satisfactory. It does not cost as much as the Gold Label.

I find a daily use of Brer Rabbit Molasses, either in cooking and baking or serving it on the table. Quite frequently we make Molasses and Taffy candies for the children.

Just think of the number of good things Brer Rabbit Molasses helps to make: Cookies of all kinds, Gingerbread, Cakes of many kinds, Pie, Caramels, Peanut and Taffy candy.

I HAVE found, too, that Brer Rabbit is unusually fine and delicious for baking apples, stewing prunes, baking hams. I have found that Brer Rabbit not only takes the place of sugar, but improves the flavor of cooking and baking. You know sugar only sweetens—it gives no flavor. Brer Rabbit not only sweetens like sugar but it flavors.

On this page are some Creole recipes from New Orleans. You should cut them out and try them during the week. I am sure you will like them.

Brer Rabbit in both the Gold Can and Green Can is now sold by all first-class grocers throughout the United States and Canada. Write direct if you find any difficulty in securing it.

Domestic Science Teachers know that the name "Penick & Ford" on a food product means "always the best of its kind."

Some of Brer Rabbit's Personal Recipes for Making Creole Cakes and Candies

Cabin Style Cookies

Roll one cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Add one-half cup butter and shortening (soft). Then add three eggs, a ginger, tablespoon soda dissolved in a little milk, beating teaspoon salt and three cups flour. Roll mixture thinly on dough board. Cut into small squares with knife or cut round shapes with a dough baller. Bake moderately. Beware of the meat who doesn't like 'em.

Old Fashion Molasses Candy

Put one-quarter cup butter in kettle, allow to melt over fire. Then add two cups Brer Rabbit Molasses. Stir. When well mixed stir constantly until, tried in cold water, candy becomes brittle. Before taking from fire, add a teaspoon vinegar. Pour in buttered pan. When cool enough, pull until it becomes light in color. Cut in small pieces with knife or large shears and give the kiddies and grown folks all their worth.

For the Children Youngsters naturally crave molasses. Years ago sliced bread was part of the daily diet of children. Brer Rabbit Molasses gives to the child the sweetest, purest, wholesome, palatable and strength-giving food. Brer Rabbit is absolutely pure—wholesome, palatable and strength-giving. Besides, it saves sugar and cuts the butter bill.

Old South Molasses Pie

1. Roll two cups of Brer Rabbit Molasses and one tablespoon of butter.

2. Break four eggs in bowl or pan; add pinch salt; beat until well mixed.

3. Pour the molasses over the eggs, stirring briskly.

4. Have six eggs (beaten with crust) pour in and bake. This makes two pies. If you wish to make just one pie, equally divide the ingredients.

Plantation Cakes

1. Mix two cups flour, one-half spoon soda, one small spoon cinnamon, one-half cup chopped seeded raisins.

2. Cream gradually one-half cup butter with two well-beaten eggs. It's cup milk.

3. Combine mixture. Bake in small pans, moderately. Goes good with coffee after lunch or supper.

New Orleans Ginger Bread

1. Mix three cups flour with one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons ginger and one teaspoon salt.

2. Stir 1 1/2 cups Brer Rabbit Molasses with half cup boiling water.

3. Mix No. 1 with No. 2, adding quarter cup butter. Beat thoroughly. Place in greased pan, bake for half hour and serve whenever the little folks are hungry, but be sure not to overlook the old folks. Everybody likes New Orleans Ginger Bread.

Creole Caramels

Roll two cups Brer Rabbit Molasses, one-half cup milk and three tablespoons butter until, when tested in water, candy hardens. Add few drops vanilla. Pour into buttered plate, and when cooling mark off into your favorite shapes, and cut when candy is cool. Many mothers store by making the economical and tasty candy at home.

Pancakes, Waffles, Hot Biscuits, Sliced Bread, etc., and Brer Rabbit Molasses

T This is merely a reminder. It seems hardly necessary to tell you how delicious Brer Rabbit is as a spread for pancakes or waffles for breakfast, or hot biscuits for luncheon or dinner. And for children, any time of the day, on sliced bread.



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A book every school child should have. Every mother should read it. Every cook should consult it.

Down in the old Creole town of New Orleans there is a fascinating 34-page book waiting for you.

It's free—just send us the coupon with your name and address at once.

It tells the romantic travels of Brer Rabbit in words and pictures. It gives the history of sugar cane. It tells Creole kitchen secrets.

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